

Fifty Silver Sickles

Author's Notes: Written for the 2017 hp_kinkfest Round 8 challenge. My thanks to riddikulus-ravenclaw, harrypotterandthegobletofwine, and Enigmaticrose4 for their help and guidance.

Prompt: #A61 submitted by lokifan

Kink Showcased: Forced Orgasm

Summary: Hermione is wary of Draco, with good reason.

She still didn't trust him.

Her misgivings didn't mean she disputed anything about the obvious certainty of his defection. When he asked to join the Order, they put him through every test possible, and he passed them all with flying colors. Snape and Dumbledore had vouched for him. Then there was the fact no one could deny the horrors of what had happened to his mother. Hermione had never suspected that he had come to spy on them or would be willing to sell them out.

It was just... every now and then, she caught him... well—*staring* at her.

Now, under most circumstances, any witch would be ecstatic to have a wizard like the Draco Malfoy staring at her. However, unlike most witches, Hermione would rather be *Avada'd* than admit she found him attractive.

Plus, something bothered her in the way he looked at her with such an unashamed intensity. There was a casualness to it that didn't seem quite right. He came across so calm, with never a white-blonde hair out of place and always wearing his signature crisply tailored black suits, but when she made eye contact, Hermione speculated... no, she knew, some stormy danger lay underneath.

No one else seemed to feel this way, though everyone agreed Draco had an attitude problem. He still behaved like a prat, especially around Ron. Those two went out of their way to annoy the other; their antics just shy of being insubordinate and detrimental to the Order. Molly, with her deep understanding of the bond between a mother and son, actually defended Draco's behavior, wanting the others to be more compassionate of his grief and loss.

Harry had reached out to Draco after that. They weren't exactly mates, but they bonded in a way over murdered loved ones and seemed to respect each other. Harry never tried to get Ron to lay off Draco, or vice versa, but he repeatedly told Hermione to drop the defensiveness she had around their Slytherin acquaintance.

Just the other day, her best friend had told her as much...

"Harry, you can't deny that he still thinks of me as a Mudblood and beneath him."

"Maybe he does, but you won't change his mind if you just assume he won't work with you and continue to ignore him."

Harry had her there, but she still had a difficult time dismissing her uneasiness. The way Draco

looked at her—Harry wouldn't understand. She *could* have told Harry, but he would have only encouraged her to prove herself a worthy witch by demonstrating her abilities in his presence.

So here she was, alone for the first time at 12 Grimmauld Place with that incredibly handsome Slytherin—who once again kept staring at her. She tried to continue reading, but his presence in the drawing room kept her from comprehending any of the words on the page.

"Did you need anything?" she finally asked to the wizard she knew had been silently hovering behind her. "Or did you just come in here to stand over there and annoy me?" She knew she sounded hostile, and it seemed like her voice had come out an octave higher than usual as well.

When he didn't say anything, she sighed and turned around in her chair after marking her place carefully and putting the quill on top of her notes. Draco leaned elegantly over the room's Tantalus set, having obviously just poured himself a firewhiskey. He held the glass loosely in his hand, the amber liquid swirling slightly and catching the light between his long fingers. His face was gravely blank, but those cold metallic eyes had that same intensity yet again. There was also something about his posture, something she couldn't put her finger on, and that something bothered her.

"Well?" she demanded.

He tilted his head to the side, not ignoring her but not answering her either.

The observation how his perfectly styled hair didn't move even in the slightest during the gesture put her over the edge.

"Whatever," she muttered anxiously. Hermione stood. She considered collecting her research but decided she just wanted to get away. Her soft brown eyes widened as the smallest tingle of fear ran down her spine.

She wanted to laugh at that, but it would have been a nervous laughter unworthy of a true Gryffindor. She *hated* her habit of laughing at inappropriate times. Still, she had never been *afraid* of Draco before.

Hermione left the room; her steps consciously measured to not seem hurried, but the path of her strides still made a wide arc around him. When she got to the hallway, she chided herself for acting like a petrified ninny. What reason did she have to fear Draco? He hadn't uttered a single slur at her since he had joined the Order, and who cared if he still had those ignorant and bigoted thoughts anyway. She went up the stairs with increasing composure, especially since she could see Draco hadn't followed her. By the time she got to the third-floor landing, she almost considered just going back downstairs.

Instead, she headed for her bedroom. Hermione was standing in front of her dresser, taking off her shoes, when the door slammed shut behind her. Her head whipped around, and she blinked. Confused, her fight or flight instincts didn't have time to react as Draco quickly raised his wand.

"*Expelliarmus.*" Her wand flew from her back pocket and across the room into his other hand.

"What are you—give me back my wand, Malfoy!"

"No." His tone came across entirely too civilized, as if he had merely declined her offer of more tea. A hint of a smile played at the corners of his lips as he inspected her wand like a child holding a new toy, but after a moment his eyes darkened, and the set look on his face returned. He put her wand in a pocket on the inside lining of his suit and narrowed his cold eyes at her.

"*Colloportus.*" He sealed the doors without looking away from her. Hermione drew in a breath to yell at him, but before she found the words he smoothly raised his wand again, uttering another incantation. This time he had soundproofed the room.

"Malfoy, I don't know what you're doing, but this needs to stop." She belonged to Gryffindor house, for Merlin's sake, but at any moment she could lose it. She didn't want to descend into hysterics, so she changed tactics and tried pleading. "Please. I want you to leave my room, *please.*"

"No."

He stalked towards her. Hermione made a desperate dash for her closet, but he grabbed her left arm roughly. Her momentum jerked her body towards him, and she twisted in his grasp, trying to put more distance between them. Somehow, he got both of her wrists trapped in just one of his larger hands. He forcefully herded her towards the wall as he casually loosened the silk tie around his neck.

Once there, he caged her body between his legs. The expensive scent of his cologne drifted in through her nostrils, a strangely comforting blend of patchouli and cocoa. The warm, spicy aroma flooded her brain with endorphins.

How could someone be allowed to smell so tempting? If all wizards smelled this good, she would never keep a clear head.

Hermione visibly shook as she struggled to find her voice. "You need to let me go, now, before this goes any further." She wasn't certain what he intended to do, but the concern he planned on killing her flickered at the edges of her mind. "What are you planning on doing?"

He ignored her, instead pushing his towering body against Hermione's petite form, trapping her between him and the wall.

He yanked at the collar of her blouse, the front buttons popping off as the delicate fabric ripped along the seams at the sides. He unzipped her skirt and let it flutter like a fallen flag to the floor. Hermione's face tinged pink when she became aware she was only in her underwear before him. Great Godric, she had never been practically naked in front of anyone... other than her parents or Ginny! If Draco wanted to humiliate her, he had succeeded. Behind her back, he reached out to unhook her bra, twisting the catch so roughly he broke the clasp. Hermione instinctively struggled in his grasp in an attempt to free her hands so she could cover her breasts from his gaze. Displeasure crossed his features, and with an irritated roll of his eyes, he slammed her wrists against the wall. She cried out, startled by the violent impact.

"It would be *exceedingly* foolish for you to try and hide yourself from me."

Hermione remained silent, heavy tears collecting on her dark lashes and falling quietly down her cheeks. He gathered up the bra to hang from her arms over her head. He watched as her skin broke out in goosebumps and as she shivered. Draco stared at her breasts reverently for what

seemed like an eternity, slowly running a hand, rough and calloused by countless hours playing Quidditch, along the soft, creamy slope.

When he unexpectedly pinched her nipple, Hermione squeaked and used all her strength to buck against him. He slammed her back against the wall when she tried to slip out to one side.

"Please, continue fighting me, you filthy little Mudblood." He smirked at her and winked. "You have no idea how exciting it is for me to put a Muggle whore like you in your *place*." He twisted her nipple and she yelped again. "It's positively *titillating*."

Hermione bristled, tinges of red clouding her vision. "I am not a whore!" she screamed and then angrily spat in his face. With a snarl, Draco stepped back and slapped her across the face, hard enough for Hermione to stumble sideways and fall to her knees. Looking up to see the murderous glare as he wiped away her spittle, she realized losing control against him was a mistake.

"Maybe, maybe not. I could buy any whore, but instead I'll take you." The enraged wizard grabbed her by a handful of bushy hair, causing her to yelp as he dragged her towards the bed. Pulling her upwards, she tried to stop the hair at her scalp from breaking and struggled to stand quickly enough. He let her go, and Hermione almost leaned against him in relief.

The respite didn't last long; he reached out and shoved her by the shoulders. Falling onto the bed, she spun around and tried to scramble to the other side of the mattress. He grabbed an ankle and pulled her back to him. Draco climbed over and straddled her by the hips, pinning her body in place. She could feel the unmistakable bulge in his pants against her belly as he leaned over her. Dear Merlin, the Draco Malfoy was on top of her... and he had an erection! The realization led to an incredulous giggle despite herself.

"Are you having fun already? Such a naughty Mudblood."

He took off his jacket and sent it across the room with wordless magic before setting his wand on her nightstand. Hermione bit her trembling lip to stop her impulsive giggling, turned her face, and looked out the window. Draco's open palm whipped across her cheek with a rewarding smack, forcing her head to turn back towards him; Hermione gasped, shocked at the sting.

"Don't ignore me," he spat.

He threw his tie over towards the jacket and unbuttoned his shirt, his fingers dancing in precise movements. With more wordless magic, his shirt folded itself and flew across the room. Hermione was left with a view of a toned muscular chest crisscrossed with pale scars from the Sectumsempra Harry had given Draco during their sixth year. Her gaze traveled across his near flawless form, over his shoulders and down his muscular arms. She stared, mesmerized, by the Dark Mark branded and standing out in stark contrast to his ashen skin. Annoyed by her continued silence, he grabbed her by the throat, squeezing slowly to cut off her air.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," she protested, coughing hoarsely. "Please, please. Let me go. I promise I won't tell anyone. I—"

Leaning over, he whispered, "You don't *actually* want me to let you go, Mudblood. You're mine to do with as I wish, and you will love every minute of it." He nibbled on the lobe of her ear, not strong enough to draw blood but with enough pressure for her to whimper. He rubbed himself

against her, hissing in pleasure, and his fingers on her neck tightened in jerks synchronized with the thrusts of his body grinding into her.

"Malfoy! Stop. I can't breathe!" Hermione begged, shocked at how husky she sounded due to his hands around her throat.

He slowed his movements and chuckled. "All right, we'll get back to that later. Maybe I should find out how aroused you are."

His hot breath against her ear sent shivers down her spine. A rough hand left her throat and swept lower, toying momentarily with her breast before splaying his fingers over her narrow waist. Her muscles trembled beneath him as he went to trace the edges of her knickers, not quite pulling up the lacy edge of the waistband. Instead, he pulled on the fabric, stretching and releasing it to snap back into place. Before the sting of the elastic had faded, he drove his hand between her clenched thighs, pinching the sensitive skin between her legs. She yelped and spread them wide open, exactly as he had intended.

He pushed his fingers into her knickers, running along the length of her slit. Hermione pushed against his shoulders. She didn't want Draco touching her there. She was slightly damp and if he touched her there, he would know.

He growled and bent down to lap at her neck, leaving a trail of minuscule kisses in his wake under her jaw. She couldn't help the moan that escaped as his finger parted her nether lips and massaged her in the most intimate caress she had ever felt. Wanting even more, Hermione involuntarily rocked back against his hand. She sensed a slippery heat spreading at her core. Hermione relaxed, her hands unwittingly leaving his shoulders to wrap around him instead.

"You're such a weak-willed slag. Wait until everyone finds out how the great Hermione Granger is nothing more than a little wanton girl desperate for someone to play with her filthy pussy." He shifted and moved to suckle at her breasts. Having trailed his fingers around her clit in lazy circles, her body jerked off the bed when he finally pinched the tiny nub. "*This*," he insisted as he looked at her flushed face, "this is now *mine*."

"No," she clumsily protested even as she attempted to grind herself against his hand. Dear Merlin, what was he doing to her body?

"Yes," he taunted. "Stop lying. You *want* this." He stopped to hook his thumbs into the sides of her knickers and slowly pulled them off her, pocketing the soaking material in a trouser pocket. She had stopped fighting back, even lifting her hips to assist him as he had removed her panties, but had clenched her eyes shut. He stroked her again, pinching and pulling at her clit. "You're so *fucking* wet," he said triumphantly.

When she peered at him at him between fluttering lashes, he stopped. He smiled, never taking his eyes off hers as he moved his index finger to her entrance and slowly pushed the tip inside.

"Merlin's saggy left..." he dipped his finger in further, meeting resistance as he eased the second knuckle into her warmth. "Oh my God. You're so bloody tight."

For the first time since this had all begun, he kissed her mouth. His tongue ran playfully along her bottom lip, but then he bit her there. When she gasped open, he smiled and thrust his tongue inside, greedily exploring and savoring what she unwittingly offered. Hermione

reciprocated tentatively at first, but her response grew with confidence and then desire. Draco whispered against her cheek how she tasted like heaven.

He fucked her mouth in rhythm with his hand below. Draco added a second finger, plunging both digits deep inside, causing her to arch her back as she let out a gratified shriek in return. She had never touched herself before, and she regretfully wished she taken the time to try. This felt amazing. Her body gyrated, bucking against his hand. She dug her nails into his back, pulling at him in an attempt to draw him in further.

Her pussy throbbed and pulsed with a need he gladly fulfilled. She tossed her head from side to side. Draco picked up the pace, and she panicked.

Too much sensation assaulted her fragile control. Her toes were curling, and her body was stiffening. A place she hadn't known about below her navel wanted to come apart as he curled his fingers.

"Come, Hermione," he demanded, the use of her first name possibly more intimate than their physical actions. "Come *now!*"

With a snap, she orgasmed. Her cunt constricted itself around his fingers, and she was horrified to feel herself gushing out, drenching his hand and the bed below. He let her ride it out, watching her rapturous face with predatory approval. When her breathing had calmed, he drew his fingers out slowly, smiling as her body clamped down in an attempt to pull him back into her heat. She almost hissed at the loss of contact. She watched in delicious anticipation as he licked her essence from his fingers, curious as to what she tasted like.

"Was that your first orgasm?" he asked.

"Yes," she admitted, stunned by her answer. Hermione couldn't imagine her shame if Harry or... she shuddered... *Ron* found out.

"I've never seen a witch come so easily," he said conversationally. "What would everyone say if they could see you now?" She closed her eyes and shook her head. Perversely, he grabbed her chin and kissed her on the forehead. "You're such a bad girl. I think you would have come even if I hadn't given you permission. However, I'm glad you didn't—I won't allow misbehavior in the future—but in a way the idea still pleased me. Because it proved, despite all of your virginal protesting, this is just exactly what you want and need."

In the future?

He rolled over to the other side of the bed, stretching out and pulling himself up on one elbow. He undid his belt with a flick of his wrist, unbuttoned the trousers, and slowly slid the zipper open. She was surprised he didn't have her undress him, but he obviously enjoyed having her watch as he took everything off. Draco turned his hips slightly, allowing his semi-erect cock to tilt to the side. She couldn't stop watching as he fondled himself lightly. It reacted to his touch, becoming more engorged.

"Spread your legs, my shameless lioness," he commanded. "Show me how wet you are."

Surprisingly, possibly for both of them, she did as he requested.

He leaned forward, openly staring at her most secret area. "Part those pussy lips," he urged. "I want to see everything."

She reached down tentatively with one hand, her fingers slowly spreading her glistening core. Hermione shivered when the cool air touched her inner walls, but kept herself exposed to his gaze.

"Good girl, you like doing as you're told, don't you? Don't frown—this is the natural position for a Mudblood. This is what you were meant to do. Now, rub yourself gently, but stay away from your clit. Keep your fingers spread out. Yes, just like that." He gathered some pre-cum on his own fingers. "I'll give you a moment to recover, and then I'm going to fuck you. For now, taste this." He reached for her mouth, she opened obediently. "Such a well-behaved slut. One day I'll reward you with sucking my dick, but until then you will just have to make do with just a taste."

She licked and cleaned his fingers, preening at his praise. Hermione dreaded what her friends would say if they could see her now. She had told Draco no, repeatedly told him *no*, but now she tingled at his promise of truly fucking her. It was wrong; she shouldn't like it.

Merlin—she didn't like it... she *loved* it. Maybe she was a whore.

Hermione let a moan escape, instinctively kneading the slick flesh harder to increase the friction she desperately wanted.

"Stop touching yourself."

Her mind and body protested, but she obeyed. Reluctantly, she drew her hand away and whimpered.

"Never come unless I allow it," he instructed. "And when I order to you to come, you will, regardless of whether you want to or not."

She nodded timidly. He took her hand away, held it as if she were precious, and kissed her knuckles like a gentleman. However, the predatory look he gave her was anything but courteous, and he eyed her exposed flesh hungrily as he rubbed her ring finger with the pad of his thumb.

"Tell me you want me to fuck you."

The witch stared at him blankly.

He narrowed his eyes. "You're a Mudblood whore and a slut; that is your only purpose here in the wizarding world. You want me to fuck you. Say it!" He raised his hand as if to slap her across the face.

She recoiled at his threat of violence. "I—I'm a whore. I'm a Mudblood whore. I want you to fuck me."

"That's right. You're a Mudblood whore. A dirty slut who wants nothing more than a Pureblood to fill her filthy twat." He grinned wolfishly as she shuddered at his honeyed words.

He crawled up her body, almost as if he was a large wildcat. He ran his weeping tip along the

insides of her thighs, a sticky trail of pre-cum left in its wake. Her body betrayed her, quivering in anticipation as Draco pressed himself against her entrance. His lips latched onto her neck, but he bit her this time. She bucked against him, and he pushed the tip of himself into her. Draco swirled his hips, and, with each thrust, he inched his way slightly further inside her. She was so *damn* tight.

Pulling almost all of the way back out, he leaned over to whisper in her ear.

"Do you still want me?"

She replied with a breathy little moan, too embarrassed or shy to say anything, and tried to pull him back into her. Hadn't they already been through this?

"I want to hear you say it," Draco said, almost as if answering her unasked question. He nipped lightly at the spot on her neck where he had bit her. "Keep repeating what I want you to say until those dirty words come naturally to you."

"I want you. Please, I want you to—to fuck me."

"You're mine," he hissed, impaling her with one powerful thrust. "I own you now. Mine." She wailed as he drove himself as deep as he could go, his balls slapping against her. He pulled back and rutted into her again without giving her time to adjust to his size.

It didn't take long for the initial pain to subside, not to mention that it had been far milder than she had feared. After all, she had been gushing with arousal from before, and now with each thrust he ground himself against a spot that threatened to take away her sanity. Draco seemed more smug than ever before as he hammered against it with vigorous precision.

She thrashed about underneath him. His manhood was massive, and she wanted to swoon as he pounded into her. Her senses burned with a feeling even more intense than what he had done to her earlier. She realized she was going to have another orgasm soon.

"Beg for it, Mudblood," he snarled. "Beg me to let you come, or I'll pull out and fuck you in the arse until you pass out from the pain." (He had no intention of leaving the molten paradise of her pussy, but she didn't know that.)

Her dilated eyes flew open in terror, and he yanked her by her hair, forcing her neck backward in an excruciating angle. His thrusts slowed to a more leisurely pace and he moved his hand underneath her, scratching at her perineum. He grinned maliciously and made as if to pull out.

"No, not that! Oh, Merlin. Malfoy, please. Please let me come!"

He rammed himself into her again, and she shrieked. "You're my whore, Draco's whore, say it!"

"I'm Draco's whore!"

"Who do you belong to?"

"You, Draco, I belong to you!"

"Whose pussy am I fucking right now?"

“Yours! It’s your pussy!”

“Mine, all mine! Beg me again!”

“Yes, all yours! Ahhh! Please let me come! Please—”

He rolled them over and spanked her arse. She yelped, and he spanked her again. “Come,” he ordered, thrusting so hard she saw stars. “I said come!” He reached between them and stroked her clit harshly.

“Merlin, yes!” she screamed. Draco let go, grabbing both sides of her arse. He slammed into her, battering her so ruthlessly Hermione predicted it would bruise, and he came with strangled groan. His hot, wet cum exploded into her. His seed burned as it spurted into her, but that didn’t stop her from climaxing, his orgasm still occurring when she began her own. She repeatedly screamed in a mantra of babbling ecstasy, using language she would have never before considered uttering.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck! Yes! YES!”

Her cunt squeezed his cock harder than earlier when it had clenched around his fingers. He grabbed her by the hips and held her in place as her core held his dick in a vice. Wave after wave of euphoria rolled over them both.

She collapsed on top of him, gasping for air. After a moment, he reached down and lifted her up, hissing as his softened member fell out from her folds. He reached over for his wand.

“*Tergeo*.” With a flick he had siphoned off most of the blood and fluid from between Hermione’s thighs. She smiled sleepily, still sore but feeling much cleaner.

“Did you enjoy that?”

“Yes,” she purred.

He smirked.

“You’re a hot bitch, you know that?” He kissed the brow she furrowed at his remark. “Rest. Get some sleep. I’ll take you again in an hour or so. I think next time I’m going to eat you out first; you’re going to go wild for that.”

Draco wasn’t surprised to see Snape standing outside of Hermione’s bedroom when he finally left the exhausted witch; she had definitely earned some much needed sleep. The Potion Master’s sallow skin contrasted starkly with his black robes in the dark hallway’s flickering candlelight.

“You’re right on time,” said Draco with a respectful nod as he quietly shut the door behind him. “Thank you for... discovering us.”

“I hope you had a pleasant evening,” said Snape silkily.

The younger wizard smirked back at his godfather. "Yes, sir. The best."

"Was she a virgin?"

Draco's smirk deepened and his already impeccable posture improved ever so slightly. "Indeed."

"And did you check for any prior claims made by the Weasley runt?"

"Of course I checked beforehand. That pathetic excuse for a wizard hadn't made a move for her affections yet. They shared no pledges."

"How fortuitous for you," Snape said. "Still, I would pay the Ministry their fifty sickles as quickly as possible."

"I sent an owl with a bag of coins to the Wizengamot Administration Services early this afternoon, the moment we were alone together." Draco gave the door behind him a possessive look. "The paperwork is likely already filed. She's *mine*."

Hermione Granger was his. She had been a virgin, not under the protection of a betrothal, and Draco had seduced her. Once the Ministry processed his fine of fifty sickles of silver, he would be obligated to marry the witch for violating her. Even more, as the Ministry's archaic Deuteronomic Code Number 22 clearly spelled out, they could never divorce.

Poor uninformed Muggleborn witch, alone with a wizard who desired her.

She really shouldn't have trusted him.

Notes:

The title of this fic is based on Deuteronomy 22:28-29.

28 If a man happens to meet a virgin who is not pledged to be married and rapes her and they are discovered, 29 he shall pay her father fifty shekels of silver. He must marry the young woman, for he has violated her. He can never divorce her as long as he lives.

This fic is not meant start any religious arguments or to be an attack on any particular set of beliefs.